BOME NEW BOOKS. Three Novels.

Have young manhood and young womanbood a monopoly of beauty and of love? That is a question which men and women are dised to answer very differently, according to posed to answer very inherent, the ages which they chance to have attained; officio interpreters, the novelists, have for the most part been enlisted on one side, It is true that one great advocate, on notable occasion, consented to espous the cause of these in whom the gid-diness and the bloom of youth are lack-ing; but 'in his "Femme de Trente Aus" seemed to shrink from facing the true conditions of the problem. A woman of thirty may not look more than twenty-five, and, as to a lover or a novelist she is not a day older than she looks, she proves nothing for the intrinsic attractiveness and lovableness of middle life.

Mr. Howells, on the other hand, in Indian Summer (Ticknor & Co.) has holdly entered on the task which Balzac evaded. The lady who is incontestably the central figure of this story is not far from 38-let too definite-and the man whose wavering affections we follow with a kind of personal interest is some three years older. Here, then, we have at last a problem which, we submit, is of capital importance stated with at once the requisite precision and satisfied that a woman of 38 and a man of 40 pretensions to youth, we have at the same time the comfortable assurance that what may be true of them will also be true of other persons considerably older; for in human life, as in the scenic world of nature, the delightful season known as the Indian summer has no more charming attribute than the vague and elastic limits of its duration. If, then, Mr. Howalls can demonstrate that middle life is not only estimable and admirable, but may be lovable as well, in the virile and glowing sense of the adjective; that it, too, may have its passion what many of his readers believe to be the truth, but he will have helped to put an end to the allly conventional views of the subject which take the form of ridicule upon the one side and of apology upon the other.

It is at least open to question whether most men are capable of feeling a great passion before they have turned forty: the opinion of the Romans, most of whose love stories are connected with men of consular age. Caius Casar was bald when he wasted a winter in Alexandria for the sake of Cloopatra, and both she and her later lover, Antony, were at the date of their liaison what boys and girls might look upon as very elderly persons. It is indeed worth noting that this perception of something incongruous in the loves of the middle aged is altogether a modern notion. Not only are there but few signs of it in the Greek and Roman literatures, but you hardly find a trace of it in mediaval times. If the heresy is ourrent in our day, and particularly in this country, that men and women in the prime of life are not to fall in love, under penalty of being laughed at, we owe it mainly, no doubt, to novels which, if they are not read exclusively by young girls, are forced to keep this sec tion of their audience primarily in view. but partly also to the absurd predominance of unmarried women in American society. It will, indeed, be noticed that Mr. Howells, when he meant to make middle-aged people fall in impelled to transport the scene of his tale to Florence, where nobody would see anything grotesque in the relation. That there should be anything grotesque in the love affair of a man of forty would, to an Italian or French novelist, be inconceivable. Forty is, indeed, the age regarded by French men of fashion a a fitting season pour le ranger by entrance into the state of marriage, though they do not thereafter, unless romances lie, cease to be tol-

We cannot see how any one can fail to recornize the thoroughness and equity with which the quaint social questions raised in "Indian Summer" are discussed by Mr. Howells. By the side of Mrs. Bowen, who is what in oldfashioned novels used to be called the heroine. is placed a young woman who has all the grace the fervor, the effusion, the enthusiasm, the sparkle, the high color, the vitality, that are traditionally associated with youth. Her effusiveness is not more hasty, nor her raptures more volatile, nor her head, upon the whole, more empty, than ought to be expected in the case of any maiden of nineteen. It is not her fault, but a fault inherent in her time of life, if, as her middle-aged flance uitimately discovers. all her intellectual, moral, and emotional qualities are raw, jejune, freakish, and shallow; that there is nothing steadfast about her but her instincts, and nothing perfect of its kind but her pink cheeks, her limpid eyes, and her elastic carriage. If Mr. Colville finds out that he does not love Miss Graham, it is, as the reader is enabled to perceive, because she really is not worth the expenditure of intense admiration or deep sympathy. It would need, no doubt, a man of forty to detect her deficien cles, for, as everybody knows, a young man is

more in love with love than with his mistress. There is one little touch in the portrait of Colville which may at first sight be regarded as a blemish, but which, we are sure, upon reflection will be seen to be a merit. Colville is mad upon the whole so engaging that his creator seems to have had at one moment a misgiving lest the reader should feel some astonishment at Miss Graham's inability to return his supposed affection, seeing that, after all, it is no an utterly unheard-of thing for young girls of 20 to fall, in love with men old enough to be their fathers. It is true that novelist contemplates the normal trend of human nature and not its aberrations, but in his anxiety to justify Imogene's obtuseness, h imputes to Colville signs of incipient deerepitude, which at his age would be truly exceptional. How many men of forty know when the wind changes by a rheumatic twinge, or go to sleep in a drawing room if they have to keep late hours? We venture to say that most men who have only just outpassed their fourth decade would resent Mr. Howells's imputations as libelious. But the truth evidently is that Mr. Howells has not taken a brief for men of forty only, but is pleading the cause middle life in the extended and agreeably indefinite sense of the term. If so good a case can be made out for Colville, who has rheumatism, and nods over his tea cup, how much more could be said for his brathren who though perhaps older by the calendar, are guiltiess of such weaknesses.

HI.

Mr. HENRY JAMES has been subjected to some captious criticism on the score of the commonplace characters and trivial aspects of life which-so it is charged-have hitherto been chosen by him for portrayal. The men and women in whom he has usually invited us to feel interested are depicted as persons exceptionally self-observant and laboriously refined. according, at all events, to our normal native standard, which is tacitly assumed to be quite low. Now, although nobody denies that novels may have an educational function, yet most o us expect from them a kind of instruction distinct from the iessons of the danc-ing master and the injunctions of the manicure. We admit that manners are not idle, but we think their nonfutility should be proved by the unfolding of large aspiration and generous endeavor. Their fruitful exposition seems to call for a deep and comprehensive rather than minute phi losophy, and we have been beset with a missiving lest an author who in volume after volume concentrates his powers of insight and analysis on the pirouettes of small talk and the etiquette of card leaving may have begun at the wrong end. If we may draw deductions from the practice of the masters of prose fiction, there are themes more capacious and inspiring to the novelist than the acquisition of

mation by introspective and inquisitive Americans in the course of a somewhat prolonged sojourn in Europe. But this has been often said, and in his last story, The Bostonians (Macmillan & Co.), Mr. James seems to have determined to repel, once for all, the backneyed imputations of painstaking emptiness and strenuous superficiality. I, too, he seems to say, have studied something besides the ways of drawing rooms; I, too, have brooded on the primal facts of humanity and Indubitably "The Bostonians" is nothing if not carnest. The Bostonians to whom we are

presented have nothing in common with the people to whom King's Chapel is a shrine and Harvard University an academe. Theirs is a Boston without Beacon street, a Boston for which the term society has a mystic philosophical rather than conventional significance. No trivial intruders from the spheres of fashion, affluence, and art are suffered to est foot on the austere foreground of this picture, and if forms that seem Philistine cross at times the field of vision, they serve but as folis to the high pricets of social regeneration, to the apostles and the martyrs of a transcendental impulse. The world which Mr. James has here elected to delineate is the converse of the world which he has hitherto made known to us. It is a world of dreamers and reformers, of eranks, clairvoyants, and hierophants, fanatics, idealists, enthusiasts; a world of cant and rant commingled with sublime endeavor, with ascetic seif-effacement, with limitless self-sacrifice, spiritual interests; the world of aboutionist crusaders, of temperance propagandists, of the missionaries of woman's rights. Its denizens are the right heirs of the Anabaptists. Latter-day Saints, and Fifth-monarchy men who scandalized the stalder Puritans of Cromwell's commonwealth; only their divagations, fervors, and strivings have in view no longer

religious but a social transfiguration For a man so shy of raptures as Mr. James and shown himself-so sedulous to keep the unvexed via media of moderation and proportion-to devote himself to the portrayal of such types as these, was of itself a positive advance and a veritable honor. It was like the assumption of the toga virilis; it was like the resolve of an artist already proficient in genre oninting to risk his fame in the grand style. That he should be all at once and entirely successful in a field so uncongenial to his predilections and experience was not to be expected. Now and then he seems haunted with a doubt lest his reader may think him insincore: but nowhere is he justly taxable with insincerity. Nover is he guilty of the blunder of condescending to his shabby and crotchety, but, as history attests, redoubtable Bostonians. He sees that their heroic age is over, that it cuiminated in the liberation of the slave, but he feels, and forces us to feel, the unfaded majesty of their lingering traditions and the aureole reflected on the brows of the survivors by a great work done. He does not, indeed, place upon the stage any figure that recalls the mighty protagonists of abolition, but he pays due homage to their power by picturing the uses and the life-long levotion to which a creature so feeble as Mis-Birdseye could be wrought by their example. The delineation of Miss Birdseye seems to us one of the most veracious impressive, and memorable in contemporary fiction. She is alive; we feel that we have seen her and we know that we shall not forget her. And when we reflect upon the art by which the moral beauty and benediction of her life are made to shine through the meanness of her surroundings and the fussy weakness of her intellect, we recognize the presence of a master's handiwork. It is in this portrait of Miss Birdseye that the author of "The Bostonians" touches the highest level of a novelist's achievement. The companion figure of Miss Chancel lor is not only less interesting, but less distinct Verena's patroness and acolyte does not sufficiently explain herself—we would say unbosom herself, if such a word did not appear inappo site, for, as Mr. James allows us to discorn, she

is not so much unsexed as sexiess.

The render of "The Bostonians" will scarce. y pause to notice two or three unimportant slips in matters of fact. One of them, perhaps is worth correcting. The admiration of a visitor to the American Cambridge is slightly chilled by the remark put in the mouth of a young woman, "You ought to have been at one of those really medieval universities that we saw on the other side, at Oxford or Göttingen or Padus." Oxford or Padua will do well enough to point a contrast. Not so Göttingen. which happens to be a century younger than Harvard.

111.

It is amusing to find the title of Mr. Manion Chawford's new story, A Tale of a Lonely Paresh (Macmillan & Co.), accepted in some quarters as conclusive evidence that the author has adopted a sounder view of the novelist' function than that exemplified in his former writings. It is true that he enters a new field, but his work is marked by the same vice of method. This also is a tour de force, by which we mean a sicisht of hand in which the defect of experi ence is, to some extent, made good by native dexterity. The admiration of spectators for such a performance is proportioned to the tacit recognition of the difficulties over come. Our praise is qualified with the unattered implication that the result is not so good in itself as it is creditable under the unpropitious circumstances.

Such is the mixed impression made upon is by this story. We perceive that the author knows nothing or but little about the scener and society he is depicting; that he is scarcely more cognizant of the state of things in his "Lonely Parish" than he was about the social and religious condition of Persia in the time of Darius, the Archamenid; or about the esoteric lore and mystical puissance of modern Indian hierophants. Yet while in "Mr. Isance" and "Zoroaster" the reader was not free from suspicion that the author knew not much about is subject, he was at the same time consciou that he himself knew less; he was therefore disposed to appreciate, and perhaps to exaggerate, the display of imaginative power. But when abandoning the themes where the unknown passes for magnificent, Mr. Crawford attempts to describe the life of an English vilage, he descends to a medium in which s roader who consumes his normal quota of English fiction feels himself tolerably at home Now the author challenges his judgment in things within his competence, and he re-sentfully detects the absence of first-hand

observation and exhaustive knowledge; he is annoyed by the deficiency of local color and sharp outline. He puts down the book with the conviction, which has never been planted in him by a composition of Howells or of James, that the author never saw the place he professes to depict or any place much

The village of Billingsfield is imputed to Essex, but it might as well have been referred to any other English shire. Nor is the mistiness of the surroundings atoned for by the novelty and distinctness of the characters. These are all backneyed types borrowed from books, not life. We have often met the scluss scholar, new again reproduced in the Rev. Augustin Ambrose, and his wife is exactly the same hard-headed, motherly helpmate which recluse scholars always used to have n fiction until George Ellot mismated Dorothea with Casaubon. Neither can the jolting and the creaking of the worn-out machinery fail to vex the ear of the least critical and most indulgent novel reader. Thus we have a semidetached wife, who is mistaken by both her lovers for a widow; we have an escaped conviet; we have a Siberian bloodhound. To account for the bloodhound the author finds it necessary to import the violent hypothesis that an English squire of ancient lineage has spent the greater part of his life, forever roaming with a restless heart, as a sea captain

in the merchant service. The inconvenient

presence of the convict husband is explained

cately nurtured, and without any pretensions to athletic prowess, could, although heavily with him in a cab in the heart of London.

But it is in the portrayal of a Trinity Cambridge undergraduate that we are most impressed by the assurance with which Mr. Crawford reckons on the complaisance or ignorance of the average reader. Here is a young man whose name, as we are informed, will presently fignature; et in Arcadia ego; and behold the fruit ure in the Cambridge class list as "senior of my excursion in a serious novel. classic," giving us, not long before that honor is conferred on him, the following startling proof of scholarship. We read, on page 134, that "John involuntarily thought of the dyke before Troy, of Hector and his heroes attempting to storm it, and of the Ajaces and Sarpedon defending it and giaring down from above." We need not say that a young man capable of supposing that Sarpedon fought upon the Greek side during the Trojan war, would never get within eve-shot of a class list, but would be inexorably ploughed at the entrance examination. Undoubtedly a blot of this kind is trivfal enough, but it is, unhappily, in this case characteristic of a pervading and astounding self-sufficiency. Of course, nobody insiets that a novelist should be proficient in the classics-outside of his technique an artist need not be proficient in anything but in that which he deliberately undertakes to treat-but we submit that Mr. Crawford might do well to master enough Latin to construe the adage ne sutor ultra crepidam.

Hank Notes.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers have issued a cheap edition of Mrs. Burnett's "Pretty Polly Pemerton."

"No. XIII.," by Emus Marshall (Cassell & Co.), is a

story of Christian persecution and martyrdom in Britain and Rome during the reign of Diocletian.

Roberts Brothers have published new editions of
"Hettys Strangs Story" and "Mercy Philbrick's
Choice," by the late Helen Jackson (H. H.). The intest issue of Cassell's National Library contains. The Voyages and Travels of Sir John Maundeville, Knt.," with an introduction by Henry Morley, Commander W. Bainvridge Hoff, United States Navy,

is the author of a timely little volume entitled. "The Avoidance of Collisions at Sea." (D. Van Nostrand). "Dora's Device," by George R. Cather (T. B. Peterson & Bros.), is a story of some power, well seasoned with tartling incidents, and written in a rather stilted style. A new number of John Ruskin's autobiography i issued (John Wiley & Sons), bringing his career down to his matriculation at Oxford University. Quite interest-

ing reading.
The Catholic Publication Society have leaved a revised and enlarged edition of "The Complete Office of Holy Week," according to the Roman Missal and Breviary, in Latin and English.

We have received the April number of the New York Genealyical and Biographical Record (published by the society, 64 Madison avenue). It contains an interesting notice of Cornelius and William H. Vanderbilt.

(i. P. Putnam's Sons have published in very elegant style the "Letters a.d Addresses" contributed at a general meeting of the Military Service Institution held at Governor's Island, on Feb. 25, 1886, in memory of Gen. The first number of "Routledge's World Library"

(dec. Routledge & Sone) is John Auster's translation of Joethe's "Faust," which gives a fairly good idea of the original. This series of publications will be edited by the Rev. H. R. Hawela "Christie's Choice," by Ellery Sinclair (T. R. Knox & Co.), is a stirring novel of Southern life. The scene is aid partly in Texas and partly in Virginia, and a slave

for very dramatic situations.
"The Peril of the Bepublic," by W. A. Taylor (Nitschke. Bros., Columbus, Ohio), is a little volume in which some homely truths are told. As a prophet of disaster, the author occasionally projects his vision considerably

further than human eves can see. Turther than human eyes can see.

"The Vanderbilts," by W. A. Croffut (Belford, Clarke & Co.), gives the fullest account we have yet seen of Commodore Vanderbilt and his descendants in their nonetary, domestic, and social relations. The story is brought down to the present moment, and is accom-panied by portraits of the male members of the family

and views of their residences in New York. We have received "McCarty's Annual Statistician" formation of all kinds, somewhat loosely put together but easily accessible through a very good index. Of the 850 pages of this edition, 125 are entirely new. The edi-tor asserts that it contains over 200,000 facts, of which

at least \$0,000 are mathematical.
"Ashes of Hopes," by Julia A. Filsch (Funk & Wag-nalis), is the incomprehensible title given to a novel, mildly sensational in character and rather careless in tyle, but of decided interest. An intricate and ingenious piot is developed with skill, the interest is invariably sustained, and there are situations of considerable power. The characters exhibit no special originality. It

mainly a novel of incident, and, as such, a good one.

Cassell & Co have lasted the first volume of "Actors work will consist of five volumes, and will contain biog-raphies of about seventy-five persons distinguished on the stage from the middle of the last century to the pre-ent year. The volume before us embraces notices of Garrick and his contemporaries, executed in a very readable style. The editors have done well to quote ex-tensively from the copious literature relating to the tritish stage.

To those who know Lawrence Aims Tadema only through his art, the novel, "Love's Martyr "(Appletons)
which bears his name, will prove a strange revelation of powers not hitherto conceded to him. His temperament a reflected in his paintings, has been almost invariably of inter years at least, acreue and cheerful. The hook before us is a sombre and painful take, told with terrible directness of purpose, and into which scarcely a ray of sunshine enters. Its hold upon the reader's attention never relexes, and the dreadful tragedy with which it closes appears not only natural, but inevitable. The old story of ill-asserted marriage, so plaintively told in the ballad, "Auld Robin Gray," forms the basis of the plot which is developed with inexorable pric. It is not an agreeable book, but its fascination is irresimile; and ones commenced it must be read through.

Mary J. sufford has translated from the ferman a brief

monograph by George Ebers, outfilled "Lovenz Alma Ta-dema, his Life and Works" (W. S. Gottsberger). The exceer of this Dutch painter who, before the age of orty, had acquired a European reputation, has been n no sense eventful. His talent was early recognized and since he established hi uself in London fifteen years ago it has brought bim rich rewards. His own country dinost entirely neglected him, and his greatest triumphi have been achieved in England and Germany. Mr. Ebers traces the development of the artist's genius and tastes from his early pictures, illustrating scenes in the lives of the Merovingtan Kings down to the present day, when he portrays; of the purely hum in civilization of an cient life sesins to entirely absorb him. He has painted historical pieces, and strong ones, but his inclination for Roman, Pompedan, Greek, or Egyptian Interiors or do nestic genre is nowadays unmistakable. Mr. Ebers has a thorough appreciation of Tadenia, whom he calls the archeologist of artists, but distributes his praises to: avishly. The artist has unquestionable mannerism which are in no wise referred to. The Clustrations which

Latters to Sam Jones.

A reporter of the Chicago Herald interviewed Sam Jones the other day, and the revivalist showed a lot of iciters he had just received. "They are fair samples of the hundreds I get every day," he said. One letter, written with red ins and without regard to orthograph; syntax, or punctuation, read as follows:

syntax, or punctuation, read as follows:

Washington, March 10, 1888.

Rev. Br. Sem Jonest

ond speed you in your glorious work but for God'scake
herry top and smean up at the Whiskey and Lager Beer
theils in Chicago, and furry off to Washington City, Disrices of Cohombon, and you will find an total Rotten Legaflere Bennjohn-or Swoil Ton in the White House and you
turn its Legasup and wouth down and host of gelors but
got and legastical gainous wol run out, but for slout
solt and legastical gainous wol run out, but for slout
solt and legastical gainous wol run out, but for slout
solt white lates of the Earth with a logger Freed than
old North's Speed, as pleas poin legs to the total Rotten
Lager Rece pseudolin or swoil fur and wals recently
these United Serious out the cold of the Enteries wol 20,

0.221223 pseudolin dat the Cale of the Enteries wol 20,

Another was read as follows:

Cancago, March 10.

Another was read as follows:

Ret. Stat. conet:

(A) A secundary in questioned ability executes a work of art. He presents it to afriend. (B) interementionally remodels this flare to suit his own ideas and faster liad. Be done right by A? Explanation. The scriptor is ideal. He exected man in this own interest. May 18) takes upon himself the impresentent of their a work by takes upon himself the impresentant of their a work in the forming tied they are dentity slope aring their. Are consistent of the suit of the flare in weating slopes that crange tied they are dentity days aring their. Are such as the superior against their by deforming his work in this respect. Cancago, Marca 10. "Here, "said Mr. Jones, "is a letter from a fellow who wants a powerful lot of praying." It is as follows: Cutcago, March 10.

Res Mr. Jones:

Pray for a fellow who is in debt and afraid of lowing all the line. Don't forget, for I am poor, Burillower, "liet'en from opium exters, too," smiled the evan gelist, as he held out this letter: ELLISTICER, March 9.

Messet Janes and Small:
I write this to you beask your prayers in my behalf,
I am a week and was kind alike for weeks, you
months by the use of morphile, hypodermically admin
stered. Pray for me.

"Do you ever receive threatening letters?"
"Yes," replied Mr. Jones, " but they go into the waste backet. These kind of letters come from card players and follows who condemn my use of tobacco. Queer is fletters there. Gut one the other day from a woma who wanted me to pray for her son, who is a devotes of fifteen-ball, people and still snother from a woman who wanted me to take up contributions to raise a mortgage ing to the novelist than the acquisition of presence of the convict husband is explained on her home. Do I pray for all these people? Tell you conventional deportment and mathetic infor- by the violent assumption that a person deli- I the truth, sir, I pray for most of them."

POEMS WORTH READING.

A Woodland Flower. From the Louisville Courier Journal. How could I know. O tender woodland treasura, With petals blue and soft as summer Sties. That from the dust of long-forgotten pleasura. So dear a hope, so fair a dream, could rise? Seek, longly blossom, holing in the shadows, And waved by mountain breezes cool and free, No fairer flower from summer's coiden meadows. Could bring the thoughts that thou hast borne to meadows.

From the sweet stillness of the misty mountains.
Where fairies weave a strange, mysterious apei,
The cooling winds that blow from indien fountains
flore thes 'mid alien nowers and scenes to dwell!
Ab, sweeter on thy petals, fair and broken.
Than winds that blow across a summer wes,
Or strains of fair minic, is that token,
Oh, wondrous flower, that thou hast brought to me;

Compensation.

From the Century. In that new world toward which our feet are set Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget. Brail we find aught to make our hearts forget. Barth's homely joys and her bright hours of bliss? Has heaven a speil divine enough for this? For who the pleasure of the spring slad! I rel, when on the leadess staik the brown unds swell, When the grass originaters and the days grow long, and little lards break out in rippling song? O sweet the dropping eve, the blush of morn, The staril axy, the rusting fields of corn. The soft airs blowing from the fresheating seas, lie sun-flecked sindow of the starely trees. The me low thunder and the lufting rain, the warm, delicious, happy summer rain, When the grass bright eines, and the days grow to and little birds break out in ripping song! And fittle birds break out in ripping song:

O beauty manifold, from morn till might,
Dawn's flush, mon's blaze, and singer's tender lig!
Of sir, familiar features, changes as eet
Of her revolving seasons, storm, and sleet,
And golden caim, as slow she where through spa
From snow to roces; and how dear her face,
When the grass brightens, when the days grow lot
And little birds break out in rippling song!

O happy earth! O home so well beloved!
What recompense have we, from thee removed?
One hope we have that overtops the whole;
The hope of finding every vanished soil
We love and long for daily, and for this
Gladly we turn from thee, and all thy bliss,
Even at thy lovelest, when the days are long.
And little birds break but in rippling song. CALLA TRABTER The Best Wine Last.

From Good Words.

So Cana said; but still the first was good,
For skillul Na ure wrought her very best;
Turning the sussime into hues of blood.

Bringing the ripened clusters to be prissed. But this the Master brings: His silent eye Finshes the sunshine of a lottering year; Be still, O guests, for besven is cassing by! Bow down, O Nature, for your God is here! And it is always so. Earth's jays grow dim.
Like waning moons they slowly disappear;
Our heavenly joys fit in the wide-ring brine,
Ever more deep and full, more sweet and clear, Sweat were His words, when o'er the mountain slops He breathed His benedictions on the air. Waking the steeping angels, Faith and Hope, Bilding them sing away the grief and care. And yet, methicks. He speaks in sweeter tones, Out of the shadow of the nearing cross; Telling of mansions and the heavenly incones, think soon shall recompense for earthy loss. The good, the better, and the last the best, More than the yesterdays to days are blest, And life's to-morrows may be more divine. And what beyond? Ab' eye hath never seen, Bar hath not heard the won ters that await; Earth's lights are pating shadows to the sheen Of untoid slories just within the gate. We big the Master come and he our guest! Life's common things Then turnest into wine: Our cares, our woes, our bitter tears ar If only Thou dost cause Thy face to s

HENRY BURTOR Everyday Work. From the critic.

Great deeds are trumpeled, loud bells are rung,
And men turn round to see:
The high neaks evin to the param sung
O'er some great victory,
And yet great deels are few. The mightlest men
Find opportunities but now and then. Shall one sit jells through long days of peace, Waiting for waits to scale? waiting for walls to scale?
Or lie in port until some touden Fleece
Lures him to face the gale?
There's work enough, why silv, then, delay?
His work counts most who labors every day. A forcest sweeps down the mountain's brow With foam and flash and roar. Anon its strength is spent, where is it now? Its one short day is over But the clear stream that through the meadow flows All the long summer on its mission goes Hetter the steady flow; the torrent's dash Soon leaves its rent track dry. The light we love is not the lightning flash From out a midnight sky. But the sweet sunshine, whose infalling ray From its caim throne of blue lights every day. The aweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and smail.
Are close shull strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love emobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shiming record tells.

That Wife of Mine. From the Somerville Journal. She me me at the door last might,
All dainty, fresh, and smiting.
And threw her plump arms round me tight,
In manner most beginning.
Then, in her sweet, amounting,
She hugged in, as she kneed me,
And told me how the live inoug day
She'd thought of me, and missed me.

She helped me off with coat and hat,
And led me, after close charging.
Into the ducing roun, and sat
blown at the table singing.
The meal was perfect: fresheut flow'rs,
The fire light warm and rouy.
Made all seem bright; awaft flew the hours,
And we were, oh! so coaty!

Then, after dinner, she and I Sang the old songs together.
We used to soin in dark come by—
My heart was like a leather?
Our happines made earth a lleaven,
And now, as I review it.
I recollect two a past eleven.
Almost before we knew it.

We sat there on the sofs then,

Ballade of the Reul and the Ideal. From Books and Brokmen. From Books, and Bookmen.

O visions of salmon tremendings,
of trout of nameus weight,
Of waters that wander as ken dows;
Ye come through the trany gate!
But the skies that teach the in a them.
But the files that care up in a them.
But the cree; that is barren of freight,
Through the portain of horn!

O, dreams of the fates that attend us O, dreams of the fates that aftern us With prints in the enriced state; O, burgains in books that thek kend us, Ye come through the story safet; With the quarto that a lattered and torn, And bereft of a title or date. Turnigh the portains of born;

O, dreams of the tongues that commend us, Of crowns for the lawr are pute Of a purble to but and corrected us, Ye come through the two years! But the croise, that shack no and saids. But the people that had us in scorn, But the storow, the scattle and the hate, Turough the portals of horn!

Fair dreams of things golden and great, ye come through the isory zater. But the facts that are blank and foriorn Through the portals of her it. ANDREW LANG

Grand Haven is in Medican, which management is not obtained at the presentation, too, off as many rare altractions as our party ever knew; The fine botal, the midded, and the forth yield of tree, and the dansty-near completeness of the pretty waits The touch on the plane in the perior, and the trill
of the exquisite seprence, in our free various still
our cast room, its country, and our themsand grationicalities.
And at our door the gentle face of H. Y. Potts.

His artiess observations, and his drollery of sixtle. Bestidered with that sorrowing screinty of smile; The eye's emissive twinks, and the twitching of the Like he than 1 go to say it and was sorry that he did. O Arthonic of Municipant so worthy of the tonic. Our minister endorses it, and Buil Nie does the come: You rickist nor affection in so many tender spots. That even Reconfiction langua. II. Y. Poits:

And bark yet D Grand Haven! count your rare attrac time over.
The continers of your ships at see, and ships along the shirts are shirts and your industries, and interests until tour Opera House, our leaders and the net receipts in Ay, better town of Michigan' count all your treasures through, Your crowds of summer tourists, and your Sanitar un Your lake, your beach, your breezy drives, your groves an egrassy pines. But head the list of all of these With IL Y. Potts:

A Great Man.

A Great Main.

From the Lynn Sitteriors Union.

He had studied with decision oil tempesthenes and Finceins, and his decision oil tempesthenes and Finceins, and his he could subtract the fame of Gonzales and the his he could subtract the fame of Gonzales his here's a could obvious guily distinct Chose and here's his coil delivious guily distinct Chose and here's his could not be said that at an are was an antiquated gander, and he said that at an are was an antiquated gander, and he drains his kloneser and say Hamilated and Casay twee would entire of please a follow with an eve to see.

Its could give a regular acroning on the faults of Gentle and could become into the faults of Gentle and bedreit in the choice of the faults of the Association of the war in the Levant; and Sapurcon in Russia, of the war in the Said twas folly to be taken by coperhieus and Racon.

cruislier on Napoteon in musta-leavant; Itwas folly to be taken by Copernious and Racon, and his faith was saily shaken in such aballow men Said her the ed the a giant over Emerson and Brest.
Said he three ed the a giant over Emerson and Brest.
But who he the midth has not dealer of Advant and these
ting, whom we cannot here agreed and dealer
chief he er?

Ab, this favorite of Apolio lives in joverly and squaler,
and for just a pairty dollar works all day at making coap. ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND.

Copyright, 18 6, by Adam Bedens

NO. XXV. The "Rest of the Royal Family." Nothing strikes a stranger more than the German character of the British reigning fam-

lly, and the contentment of the insular Englishman with his Continental densate. The present princes are German in appearance as well as blood, their ideas of their own consequence and position are German, their etiquette is that of a little German court, they use the German language habitually among themselves, and the Queen's childgen speak the Queen's English with a German accent. The Queen herself has had only three English ancestors in four hundred years.

But all this abates not in the least the loyalty of Her Majesty's lieges. The high nobility lead the way, and the higher their rank the profounder the homage they pay. Royalty itself is careful to show deference to royalty. once at a morning concert given by the Turk-ish Ambassador for the King and Queen of the Belgians. Their Majestics were seated on a dais a foot or two higher than the floor. The Duke of Edinburch came to the Embassy late after the concert had begun, and when he entered the company rose. As he approached the dais the King and Queen of the Beigians also rose, to do honor to the son of a sovereign.

The Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught

are comparatively little in the public eye. The

are comparatively little in the public eye. The first has been bred a sailor, the other a soldier; and it is understood that eventually the elder is to command the navy and the younger the army. The last Lord High Admiral of royal rank was William IV. but this was before he came to the throne. As Duke of Clarence he was not unpopular, and perhaps the Duke of Edinburgh may be permitted to succeed him as the "Sailor Prince." for the navy is not prominent in the thoughts of the English people now. They do not see their sailors often, and there are not vary many of them to see. The nation is no longer mantical: steam has changed the character of its navy and marine, and there are few important familios with a son at sea. The Duke may therefore, some day enjoy the highest rank for nobody will care; but he will possess neither lower nor patronage, and in the event of war he would have nothing to say about the distribution or the employment of the force nominally under his command. Nevertheless he is said to be a practical sailor, and more popular among his shipmates thun with his associates and attendants a-hore. He is a poor vicolinist, but has a passion for playing the in-trument of Paganini. This probably keeps him out of mischief at times, and the Duchess on some and attendants a-hore. He is a poor vicolinist, but has a passion for playing the in-trument of Paganini. This probably keeps him out of mischief at times, and the Duchess on some are numerous among its officers, to the naver was superior to all others in the Guards. The people are convinced that the British may is superior to all others in the world, and they may not be very far wrong; but they have no such conviction in regard to the army. The great wars on the Continent and in America, the great manes of Molike and Grant and their subordinates, have impressed the British mini, while the petty broils and dablous successes of England in Africa and Alghanistan have not seemed comparable, even to the partial eyes of national vanity, with transatiante and first has been bred a satior, the other a soldier;

broils and dubious successes of England in Africa and Afghanistan have not seemed comparable, even to the partial eyes of national vanity, with transatiantic and European battess and campaigns. There is a suspicion that the British army might not come off best in a struggle with the nations whose soldiers conquered at Vicksburg and Sedan.

All this will make the succession to the Duke of Cambridge a contested problem. The present Commander in-Chief is utterly without ability of any sort—a veritable General Boum, fond of women and wine, whose courage was questioned in the Crimean war, but whose skill has never been guestioned, because it has never been asserted. The only clover think he was eviered to Kissingen to bring out the gout. "Bring out the gout?" he growied: "I can do that any day in London with two bottles of port."

That such a man should be in command of the British army is one of those outrages on

the British army is one of those outrages on common sense that are still perpetrated in Eng-land. But there is no war, and the Duke is alland. But there is no war, and the Duke is allowed to exercise no power. He obstructs all reforms as far as he is permitted, and hampers all the movements and machinery of the army, but in matters of first-rate importance he is always overruled by the Secretary of State for War. He is looked upon as a harmless oid find-dier of the Falstaff sort, an antiquated and cumbersome piece of furniture allowed to re-

dier of the Faistaff sort, an autiquated and cumbersome piece of furniture, allowed to remain because not worth the trouble of removing; but when the house is reswent and rearranged, it is doubtful whether one of the same model will be substituted.

The Duke of Connaught, for one of his family, is a very correct young man. He seems to try to do his duty; he shirks no task, asserts no royal rank in military matters, and, as far as his mother will let him, exposes himself to the hurdships and dangers of the fleid. He evidently desires to learn his profession. But he has shown no symptom of ability, and is doubtless a very commonpace though inoffensive personage. Now the British people may possibly put up with one more prince on the throne, since the Irime Minister in reality restrains and raiss the occupant of the throne; but in the field this sort of an arrangement is impracticable without grout danger to all concerned.

The complete many contract products of the complete of the complete of the contract of the complete of the contract of the con

heard: "You have no right here. You are not royal." And Lord Lorne retired.

During the lifetime of John Brown the intimacy of the guille with the Queen was almost as disagreenise to the royal children as the marriage of Lord Lorne, and sometimes, in private, late at dinner, the Prince of Wales would parody the loyal toast at public entertainments, and drink: "To the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, John Brown, and the rest of the Boyal Family."

ADAM BADEAU.

AGAINST THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. And the Intercuption of Inter-State Commerce TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Will

THE SUS that shines for all shine a little on my side of the labor question ? I have to say: First-The Knights of Labor declare the right

of a hired man to remain in his hirer's employ-ment as long as he pleases, and on his own terms or the terms the Knights shall fix. Secondly-If the employer discharges the man, the Knights declare the right to force him back into his place without regard to the employer's wishes.

Thirdly—In the application of force to re-

store a dismissed railroad employee to a pay roll, the Knights claim the right to stop the transportation of merchandise and food, not only over the line of the railroad in contest, but over the lines of all roads connected with it. Fourthly-The Knights of Labor claim the right to stop the supplies of merchants, manufacturers, and consumers within the business territory of a railroad which they are fighting. so as to create a public sentiment that shall aid them in coercing the corporation. In this issue they claim also the right to suspend the

so as to create a public sentiment that shall aid them in coercing the corporation. In this issue they claim also the right to suspend the commerce of all regions dependent on railroads which connect with the one on which their strike began. The full expression of this declared right of the Knights of Labor was given by Master Workman Martin Irons when he said, on the 22d, that if the Kansas Pacific and the Missouri Pacific corporations did not give in within three days, the Knights would be ordered out from every railroad in the country, and not a car wheel in the United States should turn.

Now let us express my astonishment.

First—That the Federal Government has not had the courage to interfere in this monstrous exhibition of wrong, and to maintain the interstate commerce which the Constitution has placed under its control.

Secondly—That the Governors of Texas, Kansas, and Missouri have not severally summoned their State Legislatures to consider the embargo blaced by the Knights of Labor on the commerce of their States with the rest of the Union. If the ports of Texas had been blockaded by a German fleet, her Governor would instantly have called the State to arms. He certainly would not have made himself ridiculous by roing out in a cance and masvering with the fronciads. An internal blockade of the commercial highways of Texas is as much war against her sovereignty and her citizens, as a German blockade has the harbors would be, Gov. Ireland should have lought and not palavered. And that was the duty of the other two Governors.

Thirdly—The right of the farmers, villagors, and efficients of Texas, Missouri, Kansas, southwestern Louisiana, and the Indian Territory to get their products to market and to have unrestricted commercial highways of Texas is as much war against her sovereignty and her citizens of Texas, Missouri, Kansas, southwestern Louisiana, and the Indian Territory to get their products to market and to have unrestricted commerce with the rest of the United States has been warden to be lept t

BOYCOTTING.

Its Effect on Labor.

CURIOUS FRATURES OF ACTUAL LIFE.

Jally Connecticut Girls. From the New Haven Register.

From the New Haven Register.

Of the 200 girls who are employed by the Spener tompany, which recently mayed to Wallingford from Hartford, a out forty still retain their affection for the capital city and doine down on the train that leaves Hartford at Et, in the morning. They must get us earlier than most grown nearly to each the adjurent trains and in sije aroused. If our warm tests these chilly morning good nature cannot be expected to hubble forth much before misdear. But these first girls are the joinest crowd imaginable, and they amuse themselves in many waxson the train dounted down. They read, chark kitt, sing, laugh, and play earls. Yes they do play cards, and can have a summer than the misst enthusiable whist payers among their main femils. They day have an amount their misst enthusiable whist payers among their main femils. They do not go multiplied the cards dexicrounty, and know he is uniquisted the cards dexicrounty, and know he is a few property of mainter the manner. They have any grayers for the play on one of the regular card tables, for one of the misster of any one of the regular card tables, and continue the sentence to play on one of the regular card tables, and continue the sentence to play on one of the regular card tables, and leave the larges and leave the train and the train and throw out the maper.

Charity Begins at Home.

"Uncle Stead" is what they called a shrewd old gentleman who used to live in Winnirop, a little way out of the village, up the side of the joind hear Readfield, time of his fellow clingens was a man mained Lovejoy. Uncle Stead met Lovejoy in the village one day, and said to him." Lovejoy, there's a man mained Lovejoy in the village one day, and said to him. "Lovejoy, there's a property of the latter of sugar A.c., and chiling Lovejoy where the woman lived, sent him off on the errand of charity with the growthing in the growth latter of the latter of latt From the Rockland Courter-Gasette.

A Japanese Criticism of " The Mikade," From the Philadelphia Press.

Prem the Philadelphia Press.

Otake, the Christian interpreter at the Japanese visinge, is a close observer. The other might he and eighteen other Japa went across the street to see and hear. The Mikado.

"We enjoyed it all very much," and Otake pesterday.
"It was all so new and strange to us, you know."

"Interest the Mikado."

"Interest the Mikado."

"Interest the superior of the American Japanese as you consider the Japanese as you will be the see that the way she were her hair. Suto, who was writinged it the way she were her hair. Suto, who was writing her hair curnosity all the time. When we was watching her hair curnosity all the lime. When we came house he has known was watching her hair curnosity all the time. When we came house he load that Fam Fam was wastering her hair in the Japanese etylo of 189 years ago. But she was an awest and same so beautiful that we didn't much mind the siyle of hair. But tell in, whi do all the ladles in the opera waddle so when they move about?"

"Why! That is the Japanese walk."

"Oh! Thank you. I didn't know that. I think I will go to the opera again to night. I find that it can teach me lots of things about my country that I could never learn at home."

The General's Accounts were All Right. From the Cleveland Leader.

This story comes from a high Treasury official who had something to do with the settlements of tim. Butler's army accounts. These accounts were very large, and some of the trems seemed out of an inture to the extenses probably incurred. After Butler had, however, explained them, it was seen that they were perfectly right and proper. There were so many of these strange thems that fluiter was called to the Treasury to look over the accounts with the officials. One New Orloans them objected to was: "Banquet, Post Office to St. Charles Hotel.—\$49.1."

Now," said the Treasurer, "it's all right, Gen. Butler, for you to give as many banquets as you these, but I don't see how, in justice, you could ask Uncle Sam to pay \$40.10 a supper which you choose to give to the Teasurester at New Orleans at the St. Charles Hotel."

Oh," said Gen. Butler, with a laugh, "that item is easily explained. "Ranquet' is the New Orleans is made for street, and that \$40 was spent for fixing the street between the Post Office and St. Charles Hotel."

Type with a History. From the Gibson Enterprise.

Prom the Gibton Enterprise.

Very few people know that the type on which this paper a printed has been the object of many upa and downs from war times up to the present. Just a few weeks before then Sterman's army passed through the eastern portion of Georgia a printing office was opened in Waynesboro. When the devastating army thinsaid doing the town they left all the type of the naw office on the floor in a heap. Only one who has worked in a printing office knows how great a task it isto get eight or ten bushles of "pied" type into single for use, and indeed, it was so great an undertaking that no one had the courage to tack let it. I has been only a little more than two years since this office was established been and the work of cleaning up the mixed types has gone stendily on intil there are only about two bushles of mixed type left.

The property of the paper, since even the remorseless Union sudders could not ablace the old type which speak as fearlessly to-day as they did in those days whose memory brings no pleasure.